



Charmed // XFit // Milano // DICC // Tiangong-1



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Ash Rivera*
A&E

Half Apps
CULTURE

Workforce Blues
FEATURE

*A Cacophonous
Conundrum*
MUSIC

*The MacGyver
of Grindr*
POTPOURRI



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Eric Weck (Class of 2018) loves to eat anything vegetarian and wrapped in a tortilla. He is a Journalism & Media Studies major, with double minors in Women's & Gender Studies and Critical Sexualities Studies. This semester, Eric is enjoying living off-campus where he has thrown himself birthday and Halloween parties and can consume [redacted] in the comfort of his own home. So far, he has had to kick out a rando who spit on his roommate. Eric would like everyone to know that he loves 2 get 2 On and that Tinashe is the greatest artist in the game today!!!



Natalie Straub (Class of 2020) is a first-year student studying Visual Arts and a new member of The Rutgers Review. Natalie has more pets than she can count: a dog, three cats, two rabbits, a pony, and 12 chickens! In just a few short months, Natalie has already decided that her favorite thing to do at Rutgers is nearly die on the EE every day. When she's not being crushed to death in a bus, she enjoys rock climbing and buffalo wings.



Steven Costa (Class of 2018) works with youth development for the New York Red Bulls. He plans on going into full-time coaching after graduating. In the meantime, he is pursuing a major in Political Science and double minors in German and Linguistics. Steven really likes Surf Taco and acai, which is a popular Brazilian berry. His Shiba Inu, Keenu, serves as the unofficial mascot of The Rutgers Review. He plans on getting more dogs in the coming years, and already has names picked out for when he does: Koda, Kilo, Kira, and Koa.



I was 15 years old when I got my first job: a substitute lifeguard at the pool down the street from my childhood home. In the eight or so months I was employed by the pool, I made a total of \$64 pre-tax, far less than the \$250 I had paid for my lifeguard certification.

At 16, my budding career as a lifeguard was cut short when I was offered a job while shopping for shoes at the local mall. The idea of working in an air-conditioned building while my friends were sweating it out in the New Jersey summer heat was too appealing to turn down. Working in retail couldn't be *that* hard.

Since then, I've been working in customer service in some form or another for the last 5 years. I won't deny that I love bitching about crazy managers and crazier customers to just about anyone who will listen. But in my time in the service industry, the stories that have resonated with me the most are the ones that I heard when I took the time to slow down and listen.

Inside this issue, we share stories not just about our jobs, but about the work we do every day. We explore new parenthood and also new adolescence. We struggle to get jobs and then struggle harder to hold onto them. We defend the things we care about, from Crossfit to Charmed to casual hookups. We observe a light that never goes out.

From The Rutgers Review to you, we hope you enjoy the product of our hard work.

Michelle Chen, Editor in Chief

Michelle Chen

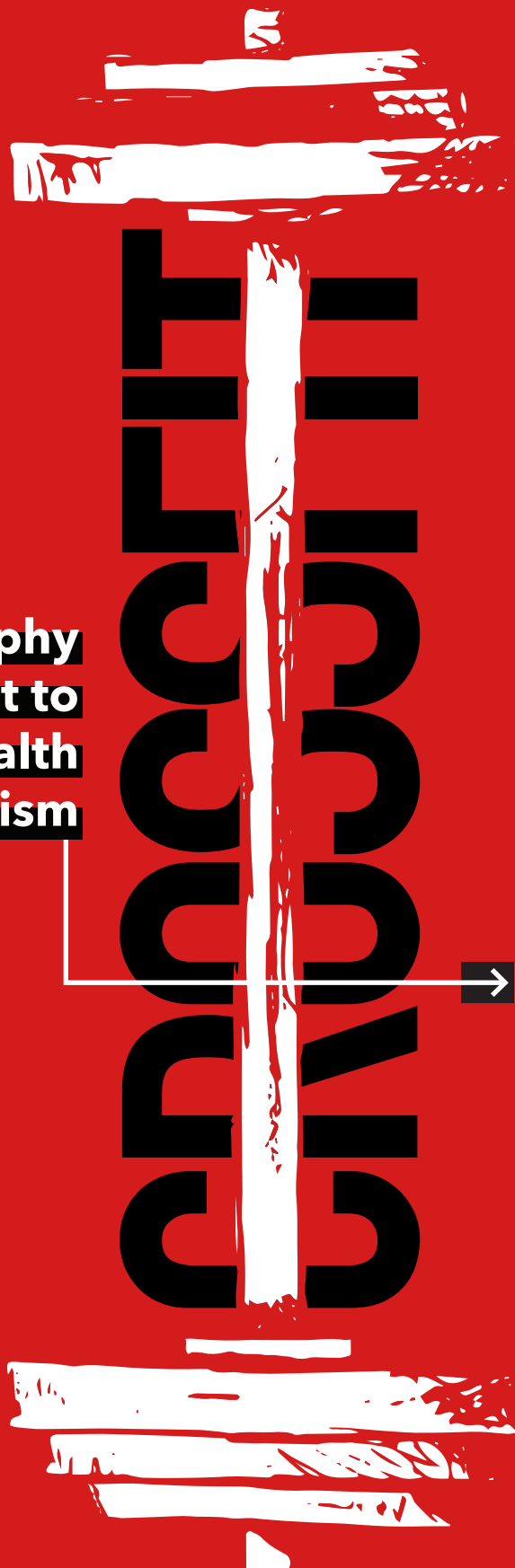
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**Fitness philosophy
with the intent to
maximize health
and athleticism**

→ **STEVEN COSTA**

Fitness and nutrition are the two domains that most people intend to address and improve in attempting to develop and maintain a healthy lifestyle. There are several methods that target this topic, and the abundance thereof, which exist in the form of programs, globo gym memberships, and whatever else is currently being advertised, is certainly overwhelming and even discouraging. However, many people have tried the plethora of options out there, and it turns out that there still seems to be a large number of dissatisfied customers. For me, that is where CrossFit comes in, and it is certainly a program that addresses both fitness and nutrition exceptionally well. Now, you've probably heard of CrossFit already, and if you have, I have no doubt that you've been disparagingly exposed to its negatives, which in reality may be gross exaggerations. There are many stories out there of injuries and the horrible experiences that some people have encountered while entrusting their lifestyle goals to CrossFit. I will try to address this issue and unveil the reality behind these claims as well as the fundamental purpose of the sport and what it entails as a concept.

First, CrossFit consists of two things: the physical, competitive, fitness sport that is participated in and the philosophy that it attempts to convey. The physical aspect consists of the constantly varied workouts that are intended to combine three fitness domains, which are gymnastics, weightlifting, and monostructural. Simply, gymnastics consists of any movement involving one's own body-weight --- i.e. pull-ups, push-ups, handstand walks, muscle ups, etc. --- whereas weightlifting, self evidently, consists of any movement that involves external weight --- i.e. front squats, snatches, cleans, etc. On the other hand, monostructural movements involve everything else from running, jumping rope, swimming, plyometrics, etc. This allows us to understand what makes CrossFit unique. CrossFit's aim, in combining all of these domains within any given workout, is to constantly vary the type of training that your body experiences in order to force your body to adapt to different movements all the while keeping the same end goal in mind: fitness. This regimen not only improves your fitness but also aims to improve basic motor skills, which is evident with the prominence of calisthenics

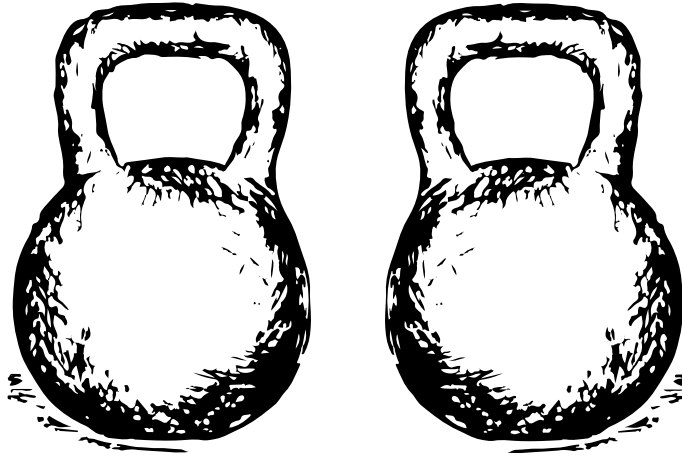
The philosophy that CrossFit aims to develop is that fitness and performance is maximally achieved when volume is a supplement to intensity.

within programing, as well as maximizing your form in every other skill whether it be low skill like the back squat or high skill like the snatch. Ultimately, muscular, aerobic, and anaerobic conditioning are purposefully targeted. A globo gym membership experience lacks all of this. That type of programming results in building of muscle at the expense of performance and fitness. Nevertheless, the physical competitive nature of the sport itself is supplemented by the community feel that is provided in your box, or gym, which is a big departure from your average globo gym.

Second, is the philosophy behind CrossFit. What separates this sport from any other type of fitness regimen is the foundational logic developed in its conception. CrossFit is a program that seeks to set a fine line between intensity and volume wherein intensity is prioritized. In fact, to a certain degree, CrossFit completely disregards volume in its programming. In this context, volume is defined as what you do, and intensity is defined as how you do it. The formula known as

$(\text{Force} \times \text{Distance} / \text{Time})$ is what defines intensity. Simply put, intensity is all about doing more work in a shorter amount of time whereas prioritizing volume achieves the opposite. Fitness

and performance stagnate when volume is prioritized. This is simply due to the fact that higher volume does not allow someone to improve and specialize on form because of the amount of additional movements involved whereas prioritizing intensity involves performing low number of movements in a shorter amount of time, which allows for form and technique to be maximally stressed and in turn improves both form and fitness levels. Form is a fundamental aspect of any athletic endeavor, and real progress cannot be made unless form is diligently honed. Consequently, constantly varied workouts provide participants with an opportunity to perform and hone their form and technique in high stress and high intensity situations, which maximizes both their form and fitness simultaneously. From personal experience, my own personal interest on the subject, and research, the problem with many other fitness and workout regimens is that volume is prioritized over intensity, especially at globo gyms where there isn't a constantly varied and intense approach. In fact, it is quite the opposite wherein the participant



"THE CROSSFIT BRAND IS GROWING BEYOND CONTROL TO A POINT WHERE IT SEEMS THAT THERE IS A LOSS OF CENTRALIZATION AND STANDARDIZATION REGARDING THE FUNDAMENTALS OF FORM"

attempts to fit in as many reps and exercises into building one area of the body, which actually keeps the participant in their respective comfort zone without providing too much intensity. The philosophy that CrossFit aims to develop is that fitness and performance is maximally achieved when volume is a supplement to intensity, not vice versa, and the only way that athletic performance in any sport can be maximized is through this principle. Intensity can be simplified in the way of understanding it as work. In short, think of it this way: there are two workout programs where one has you working out for 90 minutes at 60% and the other that has you working out for 60 minutes at 90%. CrossFit is the second one, and in the end, over a period of time, the second one is going to make you a better athlete than the first.

With this being said, the problem within the CrossFit community at the moment is that there are too many people falling into the hype and cliché narratives that accompany CrossFit. People see the Games on ESPN every year and think that it is something that they should try, and even though CrossFit's natural growth is attracting potential new members, there is a preponderance of box owners that aren't experienced or trained well enough to lead the communities that are entrusting them with

such a large responsibility. The CrossFit brand is growing beyond control to a point where it seems that there is a loss of centralization and standardization regarding the fundamentals of form, periodization, and intensity that formulates the fundamental fabric of its philosophy. This, in turn, is leading members and coaches to forget, ignore, or even not know the fundamental proponents of CrossFit, which is leading to a disappointing number of injuries and an overwhelmingly disappointing number of bad experiences. The foundational principles of CrossFit are exceptionally brilliant and noteworthy but it is the people who are coming into the community without the skills and willingness to acquire those skills in educating and coaching their members that are giving CrossFit a bad reputation. It also goes without saying that this can be a lucrative endeavor, so a situation exists where people open boxes and develop brands but prioritize being fitness entrepreneurs instead of coaches. Now, in order to join a box that follows the foundational principles and is worthwhile requires quite a bit of research and experimenting, which is something not everyone has the time to do, and this is where the reputation being presently constructed is playing a role in potential members' final decisions.

CULTURAL APPRECIATION OR APPROPRIATION?

➔ ROSHNI KAMTA

It's more than just high fashion or cultural 'fluidity' – it's an expression of what you don't understand.




Scroll through Instagram during festival season and what do you see? Cultural appropriation. Kylie Jenner as a person? Cultural appropriation. Do you have no idea what I'm talking about? It's okay, neither do the individuals who wear things from another person's culture and neglect the fact that it's something sacred, not a fashion statement.

There is a fine line between cultural appreciation and appropriation. Take New York Fashion Week for example. It's supposed to be a week full of designs created by the most well known fashion designers on the planet. Fashion designers create pieces that spark a person's interest... based on the patterns, textures, or fabrics he or she uses for their collection. The headlines for fashion week shouldn't be focused on designers using someone else's culture as a statement piece, but rather the unique method of style each designer creates.

The Marc Jacobs show portrayed colorful dreadlocks on top of predominately white model's heads. It sparked outrage throughout media outlets such as Twitter and Instagram. Rightfully so, in our society dreadlocks are thought of as unprofessional, dirty, and ghetto. Just because white models wear the dreads does not make it "boho chic."

There is nothing chic about black people being oppressed and shamed for their dreadlocks. The dreads created for the Marc Jacobs show were from a woman named Lana Wachowski. Lana hand-dyed the 12,500 pieces of wool locks, which she borrowed from black culture for the use of creativity. Marc Jacobs borrowed black culture for a fashion statement. The problem is that no one sees this as borrowing. There is no acknowledgement of the history of the culture and that's where Marc Jacobs and so many others go wrong.

Still haven't caught onto what cultural appropriation is? Take Kylie Jenner for example... she just oozes it. From cornrows to the do-rag she wore to New York Fashion Week, Kylie Jenner has a habit of borrowing from black culture and then having millions of Kylie fans praising her for the new style she "created." She is not a trendsetter; she is taking something looked down upon and making it look good because of her privileged status. Kylie isn't giving the culture she took her styles from any credit. Not once has she recognized that her cornrows, do-rag, and big lips, basically her whole aesthetic, originated from black culture. That's the problem and the root of all the backlash given to those who appropriate culture. 

Changing Tables & Baby Shaming

MICHAEL SATTERFIELD ←

Photo by Michelle Chen



After my son was born, I began to immediately take note and question the existence of changing tables. They are either not present at all in men's rooms, or if they are present, they are located in awkward places where changing a baby is particularly inconvenient. The other day I noticed a changing table located where I would either be in front of a stall door or a hand drier. I don't actually need a changing table and I am sure that most parents don't either. At this point, I can actually change my son while he's drinking a bottle of breast-milk and sitting in my lap. So, what is the use or reason for changing tables then? I believe that they are a patriarchal device that were originally intended to insist women keep the changing of babies out of sight. These are de-

**"THERE ARE THE PEOPLE THAT
THINK MY SON IS 'TOTES ADORBS'
UNTIL HE STARTS TO CRY"**




vices that suggest that not only should women not change babies in public, but also that it is women who should be doing the changing.

Now, as our society is progressing and men get annoyed while taking care of their babies by a lack of changing tables, these tables are installed. However, this still seems counterintuitive. The only place I will not brazenly change my son out in the open away from a bathroom is in stores that cater to babies. Those stores for babies have rooms that are more like baby changing lounges. Those rooms usually have a comfy couch, an actual changing table, baby wipes, and diapers. Those rooms are magical places where parents feel rewarded rather than shamed for having a child. Bath rooms are dirty nasty places. I would sooner spit in my baby's mouth than change him in a bathroom. Babies' immunities are still developing. Babies get sick easier. If I fear my own health is at risk in a public restroom, then clearly my son doesn't need to be rolling around on a disease coated table. However, if a building has a changing table in the women's bathroom obviously the men's room requires one as well. However, changing tables are in my opinion not only a patriarchal device but a form of baby shaming.

There are the people that think my son is "totes adorbs" until he starts to cry. Those people then give me dirty looks like I am abusing my son, or like he is a demonic organism. The next are the people that avoid looking at me or him, will walk by me as I am trying to negotiate holding a door open and pulling his stroller into a building, or even just act like I'm holding the door for them. These are the sort of people who came up with changing tables. It's just not women they don't like, it's sits women with babies and sometimes men with babies. There is a sort of expectation that by having a child I have made very bad decisions with my life. They expect me and those like me to be ashamed. At Rutgers I have yet to see one changing table, which seems to suggest either Rutgers doesn't think I should have a child or Rutgers feels that people should not be ashamed of hav-

ing children (I hope this is the real reason).

Because both my girlfriend and I are students, having our son with us on campus is at times unavoidable. Certainly I don't expect any sort of additional kindness from anyone for having a child with me. But I also would rather not be treated as though I have small pox or a terminal illness. For some reason, mentioning that I have a child produces both reactions. When my son is agitated and crying people often begin to walk hurriedly away as though I'm carrying an explosive device. The last time I had to use a bathroom with him on campus, it was empty when I went in, and remained empty. Everyone who walked in immediately walked out. I can only assume they were stricken by fear of my dangerously cute son.

I will also point out there are a few rare people at Rutgers and elsewhere who are actually nice to me. Sometimes people even hold doors for me. I am so shocked by this I thank them as though they just took a bullet for me. That level of gratitude scares me, because it is indicative of how I have begun to think that having a child is indeed something to be ashamed of. Perhaps we should give into the societal pressures. Those dirty looks suggest my girlfriend should drop out of school, stay at home, and abandon her academic goals. Every door that slams in front of our stroller screams out, "changing tables should not only be used by us, but primarily by her." What I am saying is that baby shaming is not only a suggestion that the human race should no longer reproduce, but that women with children belong at home completely out of sight. Baby shaming also is also an insistence that I, as a man, should not care for my son. Baby shaming is a throbbing patriarchal erection hammering changing tables into women's restrooms, and yet another way I feel society is failing to evolve. 

"Babies' immunities are still developing. Babies get sick easier. If I fear my own health is at risk in a public restroom, then clearly my son doesn't need to be rolling around on a disease coated table."



ATLANTA

MORGAN CROOKS ←


Donald Glover fans have been waiting a couple years for something new to be released from the mysterious creative. On September 6, FX aired a two-episode special to present Glover's highly anticipated television show, *Atlanta*—a combination of his talents as a writer, producer, director, and starring actor. The show follows two cousins, Earnest 'Earn' Marks (Donald Glover) and Alfred 'Paper Boi' Miles (Brian Tyree Henry), through their successes and failures working their way up in Atlanta's rap scene. *Atlanta* is labeled by FX as a comedy series but presents an appealing intersection between dark-witted humor and drama, which contributes to the growing genre of non-comedic comedy television.

There is a surreal mood to *Atlanta* that evokes an unusual feeling while watching; many characters are offbeat and consistently throughout the show there are moments that leave the viewer puzzled or completely unsure of what to make of what just occurred. That odd feeling is an important part of what Glover wanted to capture while developing the show.

Atlanta brings a lot to the table; It subtly addresses social issues that are laced into the humor through casual, daily encounters. The goal of the show is not to address issues such as race and violence, but it covertly does, making the impact of the messages more effective. For viewers familiar

with Glover and his work, it is hard not to notice the parallels between Earn's inner-conflicts and Glover's own life. Glover, also, grew up in Atlanta, always dealing with being different: a "hipster-type" and the odd one out in a typically unsafe, gang-affiliated area and being made to feel "less black" because of it. *Atlanta* is conscious of how much of the world claims black culture.

It is refreshing to be able to see Glover channel his notable writing skills through his own show. With *Atlanta*, Glover effectively ties together both intense and emotional events with strange and eccentric moments that even go as far as to feel dreamlike. In one scene, Earn is sitting on the bus late at night, holding his sleeping daughter, when a man makes a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and angrily insists that Earn eats it. At the next bus stop, the man bolts out and disappears into the woods, leaving the viewer dumbfounded. The comedy's main function is not to be funny, a lot of it is sad, thought provoking, and bizarre. It's clear that Glover wants the viewer to intently think about what they're watching—more than the average TV comedy.

Every time Glover creates something we get a little more insight into his mysterious mind and his obscure, elusive character. *Atlanta* is one of the shows to watch this fall; it is safe to say that we are happy Donald Glover is back. 

A
E
E!

GUYS WE *fucked*

Written by
Camryn Kozachek

Created by Corinne Fisher and Krystyna Hutchinson, Guys We Fucked: the Anti Slut Shaming Podcast has been reclaiming the title 'slut' since 2013. Originally from New Jersey (!), Corinne Fisher has been on the New York comedy scene for years, pairing with Pennsylvania native Krystyna Hutchinson to form comedy duo Sorry About Last Night in 2011.

Alternately silly, serious, and salacious, the podcast aims to inform and entertain. It was started after Corinne Fisher's boyfriend dumped her in a Panera Bread, provoking a hardcore reflection about past romantic experiences.


In each episode, a different guest joins the pair for a discussion about anything from growing up in a cult to Thai viagra to peeing on couches. The guests are a varied mixture of comedians, sex workers, authors, activists, and as the title promises, guys they fucked. Amber Rose, Mike Birbiglia, Dan Savage, Nikki Glaser, and Michael Che have all appeared on the podcast, along with other high-profile guests.

New episodes are released every Friday and every episode features two listener-created songs (which can be submitted by listeners for consideration).

Each episode follows the same basic formula – sponsors, talking about whatever's happening in their lives, answering emails from listeners, and an interview with the guest of the week. However, the content of the podcast is anything but formulaic.

At its core, Guys We Fucked is a feminist podcast. Fisher and Hutchinson make a habit of talking about things that aren't typically discussed. Rape, abortion, porn, masturbation, slut shaming, sexual assault; none of these topics are taboo. They also examine topical events including the Stanford rape case, the Orlando nightclub shooting, and different instances of police brutality.

In one episode, the two women interview a Ugandan-American graduate student about female genital mutilation. The interview provides listeners with a unique perspective on the topic, lending insight into the cultural significance of the practice, the real and presumed health risks, and how the operation is actually performed.

This podcast is a great listen if you're interested in sex-positivity, comedy, or even if you just want to know what the episode titled "THEY PUT IN YOUR BOOBIES THROUGH YOUR BELLY BUTTON?" could possibly be about. 



IT'S CHARMED SZN, *Witches*

→ ERIC WECK

Photo by Delfina Picchio

Have you been searching for a new spooky ass TV series to binge? Trying to fit your daily dose of demons, daggers and drama all in one?

The Power of Three will set you free.

This October 7th, The Greatest TV Series to Ever Be Created — The WB's Charmed (1998-2006) — turned 18. What does that mean for the state of humanity? A fucking lot.

Now, you might be saying: Eric. Settle down. Isn't that the show that made Rose McGowan and her shitty acting famous?

To which I would counter with: yeah, it totally is. But who cares if she couldn't act? She was serving looks the entire time! Have you even seen her asymmetrical glitter dresses, paired with a chunky midriff belt, hoop earrings and a retro newsboy hat? Iconic!

Regardless of the quality of your eye for early 2000s fashion, the importance of this milestone simply can't be negated. At 18, the show stands proudly as a fully grown adult — it had its formative years, parented and ran by Prue (Shannen Doherty), followed by its era of

shaky ground mixed with substantial growth, tossed up by baby Paige (Rose McGowan). Nevertheless, at the end of its eight year run in 2006, this child was ready for self-development. In the subsequent years, it aged like a fine wine, only getting better with time.

"Distance makes the heart grow fonder," reads an old, obscure proverb. To be honest, I think that whoever first said it, might have been referring to the distance in time since Charmed has been on air. Now, ten years after the show's series finale, fans (me) are hoping to conjure up more.

That is, more premonitions from Phoebe (Alyssa Milano) for our more tender, philanthropic moments and explosions from Piper (Holly Marie Combs) when we want to channel her high-blood-pressure-inducing attitude and just can't bare to sit through the fucking headache that is ABC Family's Pretty Little Liars.

However, Alyssa Milano took to Twitter this past March to dis-spell any rumors of a reunion, sending shade towards CBS, who holds the right to the show, for even tabling the idea. For now, we Charmed Ones just have to relish in the sheer genius of the episodes themselves, all of which are available now on Netflix.



A portrait of Ash Rivera, a young woman with dark curly hair, a nose ring, and a small earring, smiling. She is wearing a striped shirt. The background is a vibrant, abstract painting with red and purple hues. A thick black L-shaped line frames the top and left sides of her face.

Ash Rivera

An Artist Interview by Delfina Picchio

Photos by
Delfina Picchio

DELFINA PICCHIO: What's your name and what do you do?

ASH RIVERA: My name is Ash Rivera. I paint and I make sculptures and I'm a senior at Mason Gross. I work in oil and acrylic for paintings. I use mostly wood, found objects, and styrofoam for my sculptures.

DP: What's your work about? How would you describe it?

AR: Something that's been on my mind during my recent paintings and sculptures is the concept of Ecofeminism, which links feminism to ecology. It ties to the idea of nature and culture being divided by society, but culture is praised in a way that nature isn't. I also feel women have a deep

subconscious connection with the earth. Awareness also plays a big part in my work. Sometimes we go on about our day in a rut not really living in the moment. Me practicing awareness was me realizing how fucked up the world really is but how beautiful the earth is. I'm just recently discovering this so there's a lot of development waiting to happen.

DP: Has there been anything recently that has changed your way of thinking, seeing, and making art?

AR: I went to a residency program at the Yale Summer School of Art at Norfolk last summer. It's mostly a program for painters but most of the people I encountered there do everything. I



//

Ash's current works focus on the human condition in relation to nature, specifically Ecofeminism

met a lot of different people with different experiences so sharing how we all approach art from our own perspective was really interesting. I was drawn to the idea of ecofeminism when I was at Norfolk because I met so many great women, plus I noticed that almost all of us women spent most of our time outside. We were either making art outside or just thinking outside while most of the guys crowded the studios inside.

DP: Where are you right now with your work?

AR: Right now I am thinking about constraint. Like being trapped in this sort of space that seems comfortable, where nature is that comfort part but the body being distorted. These are probably going to be the last paintings I make for now just because I want to focus on one medium for a bit because I get too caught up in the concept of each and I want to work on fully developing the ideas of the pieces.

DP: Do you have any specific plans after graduation?

AR: I'm going to apply to a few residencies and hopefully I can do that. I have two in mind right now, but if that doesn't work out I guess look for a job. And hopefully move out of my mom's house, that would be ideal.





WO

An intimate
dive into
what we're
all sick of,
anxious for,
and scared
shit-less of.



RK

Michelle Chen | Tech Guru | So Done

BEHIND THE SCENES: HELP DESK

If you've never worked in IT, I have one piece of advice for you: don't. Sure, working at a Help Desk may pay well – especially when you're a student and don't have a whole lot of options – but honestly, it's not worth the money you'll spend replacing the hair you tear out. Here are some of the lovely clients you'll inevitably meet in IT:

The One Who Can't Remember a Password

You're pretty sure you spend 10 of your 14 hours a week resetting people's passwords. You're pretty sure you spend half of that time resetting this person's password. By the third week, you recommend that they write their login information on a sticky note and stick it to their monitor, even though you're not supposed to as it's a security risk. They call back the next day anyway.

The One Who Doesn't Understand a Monitor is Not a Computer

The call lasted over an hour as you walked them through app updates and stayed on the line through all of them. The last system update said to restart the computer, and the user grew increasingly incensed that the computer kept telling them to restart their computer every time it booted back up. They already were restarting it. It took you almost 15 minutes of their indignant insistence before you uncovered that they'd just been turning their monitor on and off rather than the computer itself. You spent the next 10 minutes explaining that the monitor was not the computer but rather just a display. You tried to use a TV analogy, but they didn't know that the TV and the cable box were different either.

The One Who Can't Work a Mouse

This user is of an older generation, and had just gotten their first full-fledged computer as a birthday gift from family.

The computer is broken, they say. They can't click anything on the screen. They had gotten a tablet for Christmas two years ago, so they were pretty sure they knew how this worked. You tried to explain that the computer was not a touch screen. You couldn't figure out how to explain a trackpad; you were out of analogies for the week.

The One Who Thinks They Know More Than You

You only asked them to find the MAC address of their laptop, but before you know it they're reading off all of the specs for their computer – they're running macOS version 10.11.2 and have a 2.9 GHz Intel Core i7 processor and 8GB of RAM (all of which has no bearing on their issue) – and letting you know that they remember their uncle had this problem once, like last year, and they were pretty sure they fixed it for him by downloading more RAM so they were going to go try that now, thanks for nothing. You still don't have their MAC address. All you had to do was add that to a bypass list.

The One Who Actually Knows More Than You

They call in about some problem regarding their regarding their CPU or their GPU or some other part of their computer that you only know vaguely about from lurking subreddits. You're not trained for this. All you were taught to do is troubleshoot WiFi and change user passwords. This shit is above your paygrade.

The One Who Finally Makes You Quit

"Have you checked that it's plugged into the outlet?"

"Yes."

Okay, you move on.

30 minutes later, "Are you sure it's plugged into the outlet?"

It's not.



EMPLOYMENT AFTER PRISON

Michael Satterfield | Experienced | Pissed off

The first place I worked at after prison was Wendy's right in the College Ave Student Center. It was a job that I knew would be less than enjoyable. I was aware that it would be unpleasant for all the usual reasons, but of course my options were limited. I was going to college full time and wanted something at Rutgers. People learned of my criminal past. I was honest and forthcoming when asked about my past. I also wanted people to know. I thought if they knew about my long period of confinement would make it easier somehow to deal with people. What happened instead was a great deal of suspicion and me feeling increasingly uncomfortable around co-workers who now expected me to be looking for ways to rob the store. Still my options were limited so I continued to work there until the end of the semester.

It quickly became apparent to me that I could work for minimum wage at warehouse through a temp agency but not much else. I applied for tutoring positions and have barely ever made it past the application process. I have seven years of tutoring experience accrued in prison. I also have an essay published on education by the Harvard Education Review in their book *Disrupting the School to Prison Pipeline*. That doesn't get me past most application processes for tutoring positions. When I do survive the application process the background checks slam doors in my face. I've been out of prison for two years and applied for more than thirty different locations for jobs related to education. I have been given one interview. I was honest in the

interview about my background primarily because I knew it would be an issue on the background check. I was denied the position the moment my incarceration was presented.

I have given up on jobs in education for the moment. Still, there are very few places that don't have extensive background checks that will bar me from work. The only place that I know I can definitely work and not despise is Starbucks. I've worked there before, but there was also a constant fear that one of my coworkers would discover I was in prison for nearly a decade. They know me for who I am now and not as a criminal. I feared losing their respect and acceptance so I kept my mouth shut.

What troubles me is that my resume is exceptional. I mean it really looks fantastic. However, this means little to most employers. What does is that I committed crimes over a decade ago. I'm a student and that also should in some way be beneficial. Yet it is not. Employers care about liability. Rutgers carefully vets every applicant coming out of prison and into the University because they also fear what one of the handful of students who began their road through higher education in prison may do something to other students.

Finding work that might satisfy my financial needs is one issue, which may be accomplished to a small extent. The second problem is finding a job that is flexible. The next is looking for work that can also lend substance to a resume for future employment. Since I plan on going on to a PhD program I also would



illustration by
Ed Weisgerber

prefer something that can be added to my C.V. Unfortunately, even for traditional students that have never experienced all the joys the criminal justice system has to offer finding a decent job is never easy. For someone like me it seems to be an impossibility.

When I was leaving prison there was a lot of talk about how banning the box that insists applicants state whether or not they had been convicted of a felony would in some way aid individuals such as myself. Much like temp agencies make employees sign a waiver so they may not receive health insurance, employers have sorted out another method of getting potential employees to reveal their felonies. After completing several online applications, I was told that I had the job. I just needed to pass a background check, there was also an insistence that I disclose any felonies and explain them.

So, essentially I have given up on finding work this semester. I realized that there wouldn't be a chance to do

any job that would pad my CV in a way I liked. I also am more than a little aware that I could always use additional funds. However, I couldn't find a job that helps me all the ways I need a job to help me. I wouldn't have minded a bit of misery if it would help me in the future. Unfortunately delivering pizzas or making lattes doesn't seem beneficial to my future self. I'm not working this semester. I have a writing sample that has to be exceptional. I have GREs to prepare for. I also have ten PhD programs to apply to. Maybe employers will be more open to ex-felons by winter break or perhaps I'll unload trucks for minimum wage. Either way I'll earn money to help me survive until I finish this degree and move on to work toward another. R


-Michael Satterfield

CUSTOMER SERVICE: THE HORROR STORY

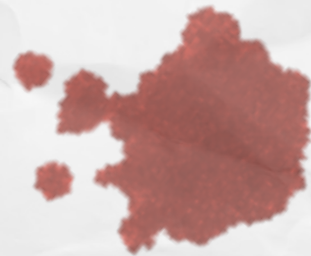
Roshni Kamta | Hard Working | Offended

Attending school in New York City was expensive as hell. I thought taking up a job in retail would be fun and easy, boy was I wrong. You would think being a brand representative at Abercrombie and Fitch would consist of standing there and looking pretty. Well one part of that sentence is accurate... looking pretty the only part I missed was signing my life away to the sale hungry, impatient customers of Abercrombie and Fitch. In this article I am going to talk about the worst retail experience I have ever been a part of. Gosh there's so many I don't know where to start... I think I'll tell you guys about the time Abercrombie and Fitch had a 70% off sale and all the foreigners obsessed with the brand rushed in to get their hands on the moose embodied, vineyard vines frat boy scented clothing. When there is a sale, all the respect for mankind gets thrown out the window by our sale crazed customers.

That day I was working the fitting room; I think I still have PTSD from that day of work. Basically a person's main

job while working fitting rooms is to let customers' in/out, check their items, and make sure the little closet of a room filled with go backs is organized. There weren't enough employees that day for two people to work the fitting rooms, so it was 7 fitting rooms v. Brand Rep Rosh. By the afternoon the line for the fitting rooms was halfway out the door... and Mount Everest placed itself inside the tiny little closet area for go backs. So I'm bending over backwards to try to keep the line moving and customer's patience at ease, however that didn't work out too well. This one European woman started yelling at me for multiple reasons. She's been waiting about thirty minutes for a fitting room. After she finally got into a fitting instead of handing me the clothing she didn't want she threw them at me and started saying things in her language. To this day I have no idea what she was saying but I would imagine that she was insulting me. 

- Roshni Kamta



Anon | U Already

Working for Abercrombie and Fitch was a pain, however I did get to work with some attractive people. (Yes, some of my co-workers looked like the dudes on the Fitch bag) It was a slow Friday night at Fitch and I was upstairs just folding clothes and fixing hanging fixtures. I just started working for Fitch and was still new to the way the company did things, so if I didn't know how to do something I would just ask another worker on the floor. This day in particular the most attractive man I have ever seen was on the same floor just folding clothes. I was doing go backs (clothes that customers try on however don't want) I didn't know where some items were located because Fitch just changed their floor set. So I asked this beautiful man and he was kind enough to help out.

After I was done with go backs, we got to talking. He is from California and didn't like the whole going to college thing so he moved to New York to live up the east coast life. We instantly bonded over the fact that he was from California and I was planning to visit my roommate who is from LA that coming summer. I started internally fangirling because he was so hot and had a jaw line that could cut cement. His hair was also so voluminous and swayed to one side. Imagine Austin Butler, but a Brazilian god and kind of dorky. I like dorky, so instantly I felt like a 12-year old girl crushing over a celebrity. We talked until my shift ended and I ran back to dorm to tell my roommate about this Fitch God.

I've never gushed about a guy this hard before. I'm the type of girl who likes a dude but like isn't fangirling in front of him. Attractive men with swooshy hair make me melt. Two weeks after my encounter with the Fitch Brazilian god I saw him again! Except

he said my name wrong... But he felt insanely bad about it. He was working fitting rooms and I was on the register. Every 3 hours or so workers are moved to different sections. LUCKILY I got switched into fitting rooms to help the Fitch god with organizing go backs, this gave me the opportunity to talk to him more and stare at his godliness some more. (I mean help him with the insane amount of go backs that had to be organized into sections) We talked more about California, what he hopes to accomplish while he's in New York, and about me. Somehow he found me interesting and we ended up going on lunch breaks together for the next 2 months. We even got dinner once if that even counts as being romantic because it was a Wall Street Chipotle? But he did pay and kiss me afterwards...

The Abercrombie God also worked at this insane donut shop in Chelsea called Donut Plant and told me to visit him that coming Friday, so I dragged my roommate to Donut Plant and as soon as I walked I saw the Abercrombie God and my heart just stopped and I felt like a tween girl crushing on One Direction. We made eye contact and he ran over to give me a hug, and then proceeded to give me not one but two dozen free donuts!!!! This is not just like Dunkin Donuts where one donut is 99 cents... at the Donut Plant one donut is like \$4!! After that I was hooked, the donut giveaway happened in March we then talked until May. Where he then stood me up on my birthday and told me would, "make it up to me (;" By June I found out that he was gay!!! I was astonished... but grateful that I got free donuts out of it. Because at the end of the day donuts will never break your heart!



- Roshni Kamta

THE FITCH GOD



BEHIND THE SCENES:

Steven Costa | Hustler | But Disappointed

Working in the restaurant industry was something that I found particularly rewarding financially. Indeed, the money that came in over the span of three years was impressive given the fact that I was a student with limited expenses during the time that I served tables. The most lucrative period of my time as a server was the latter part, which also happened to be the longest, wherein I was employed by a company by the name of OTG Management, or On The Go Management.

If you have traveled recently, you have probably encountered the hallmark of their brand: iPad systems and the technological revolution that they've initiated within the food and hospitality industry. Restaurants, retailers, and gate areas that are in the airports they have contracts with are completely dominated and dependent on this innovative approach. They currently operate all or part of eleven different airport terminals in North America, which includes Toronto, Minneapolis, Boston, Washington, Tucson, JFK, LaGuardia, Chicago, Philadelphia, Orlando, and, of course, Newark.

OTG currently operates exclusively in Terminal C of Newark Liberty International Airport, which only accommodates flights operated by United Airlines. Terminal C at Newark Liberty International Airport, or EWR, was my place of employment for almost two years. EWR is one of the busiest airports in the world,

and as you can expect, the expensive nature of airport dining is exacerbated by OTG and their attempt at fancy and exquisite dining. Nonetheless, the result was an average of anywhere between \$200 and \$350 for an eight hour shift during high season.

But even though the money seems great, there is certainly more underneath the surface, which on many days made the money not even seem worthwhile. The time I spent at OTG was some of the worst. The only thing that kept me there so long was the paycheck. My first day presented me with an early sign, which I chose to ignore, of the dark and dismal period ahead.

When I applied, I wasn't aware that the use of iPads was as extensive as it was. The restaurants can't function without them, and I was thrown into the fire right on my first day without even so much as a tutorial or walkthrough of the iPad system or menu. I was forced to learn it on my own, and I was taking orders and was as confused as the customers were, which didn't reflect well on the restaurant, the company, or me.

Surely, that led to several uncomfortable customer interactions right away. Nevertheless, I eventually became acquainted with the system and settled in, but the worst was yet to come. As time passed, the stress was only exacerbated, and everyone felt it. Pep talks on the bus to work became regular. Managers crying

ON THE GO MNGMT.

on the job and in front of customers actually happened. Managers dropping left and right occurred frequently.

The menus were large but there was never enough inventory to accommodate such a menu, and the iPads were never updated, which led to horrendous customer service and countless problems. Essentially, OTG came to Newark, an airport that is already abysmal, and failed miserably at living up to their objective of world class customer service with new innovation and made the experience at Newark even worse. Organization was abysmal, as was the human resources department.

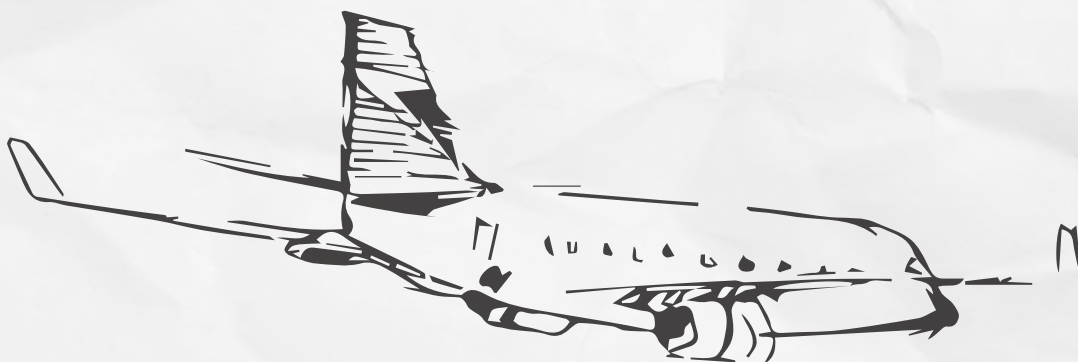
Also, as a server, you were never really just a server. In many cases, I was a bartender, expeditor, dishwasher, cleaning service, and server all in one shift, and the managers were ridiculously overbearing and unrealistic as were company expectations. Essentially, the idea that you could have five star dining and a luxurious restaurant experience in an airport that lacks the resources, organization, and environment to do so is absurd. The atmosphere was that of an airport, and many restaurants were nothing more than glorified diners, but the expectations were astronomically unrealistic. There was a lack of common

ground from the top to bottom from the moment you walked in the door.

The last couple of months that I was there was the nail in the long-awaited coffin. There were rumors of expansion and new restaurant openings. One problem was that there was difficulty with storage and inventory for the already existing ones, but the main problem was that there wasn't enough staff to supplement the expansion. The expansion project was executed anyway. The result? My restaurant had to supply staff for not only our restaurant but also two others. Call-outs and quitting became so common that they couldn't afford to fire anyone.

Essentially, the problem was that OTG was too ambitious, and they failed to understand the differences from airport to airport. They had a one size fits all strategy for all of their locations and it failed miserably. In the business world, your best advertisement usually doesn't come from fancy, expensive billboards and commercials, but rather your current customers and employees. Unfortunately, they didn't look out for either and allowed their ambition and greed get the better of them. R

-Steven Costa



WORKING IN COLLEGE DOESN'T ALWAYS MEAN WORKING ON CAMPUS

Brittany Gibson | Researcher | Wanderer

When we think of a student job at the university, we're usually thinking of work study, dining services or the incredibly friendly students at the front desk of every student center. These jobs may help pay the bills — and, by that, I mean one textbook per semester — but the typical options for student employment aren't the jobs we are trying to get after we earn our degrees. However, not all university jobs are as impractical or irrelevant to our studies.

While looking to earn some money from the university, I went to my major's department and stumbled upon the Rutgers' best work experience offered; paid research.

As an art history major, I've cumulatively spent days, if not weeks, looking at the most beautiful visual representations of history on projector screens that not only dull colors, erase texture, and are incapable of showing sculpture in the round, but that also could never take the place of in-person experiences.


Through the Department of Art History, I was able to change my academic narrative and travel to Milano, Italia. After my freshman year on the Banks, I jetted off to the country with, arguably, the richest connection to Western art history, and set out to research a topic of my choice.

It was definitely a lot of work — research papers don't write themselves. But the experiences I had abroad were unmatched by any of those had in even the best classrooms.

I ran around the city with my researcher hat on, interviewing Milanese people and pulling articles on my topic. I held the reins on my academic journey for the first time in my life, outside of the typical system of core classes, requirements and prerequisites.

And, for a few weeks, I could pretend I was a proper Italian. I biked down cobblestone streets (hazardously), watched Euro football matches, and absorbed the beauty only found in countries that you don't belong to.

I fully indulged in Italy's culinary delights, whether it was risotto, tiramisu, gelato, freshly baked breads or matured cheeses, and immersed myself in Italian bar (aka café) culture that put my former-Starbucks habits to shame.

My research project was work experience I never would have been able to dream up, nor manage, on my own. So next time you're thinking of finding work at RU, get creative. You may be surprised as to where it takes you. 

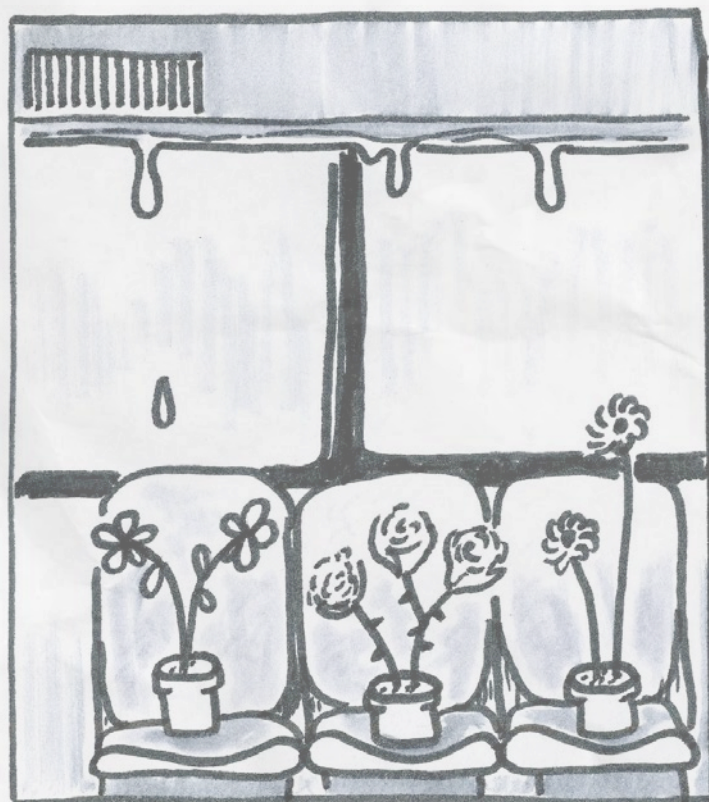
- Brittany Gibson

BEHIND THE SCENES: RUTGERS UNIVERSITY FACILITIES

illustration by
Ed Weisgerber

- Anon -


My summer wasn't spent at beaches or pools, or hiking or with friends. Rather, I was in the dungeon basements of gibbons, the molded starkey bathrooms, and on my knees pulling the water out of broken newell air conditioners. I'm not complaining about it though, I knew what I was in for when I accepted the job working for the housing/ facilities/ capital planning department for the Cook-Douglass (I only say it like that because even the full time workers weren't sure what department they worked for). I knew I wasn't going to be gaining 'valuable intern experience' or build my portfolio with a job that would blow away a future employer, but I didn't know how much I would learn about the decrepit state that most all of the dorms and apartments are in. The floors are all a patchwork of plywood, the soft spots cut out like a jigsaw puzzle and replaced. The bathrooms, veritable terrarium of mold and bacteria, their disintegrating ceilings painted over so they can just make it one more year. It really goes to show how far a roll of duct tape, a screwdriver, and a prayer goes in keeping the roof over students heads. How much can be blamed on Rutgers and how much can be blamed on the occupants though. I saw the feces and fur of any imaginable animal hidden in every nook and cranny of the

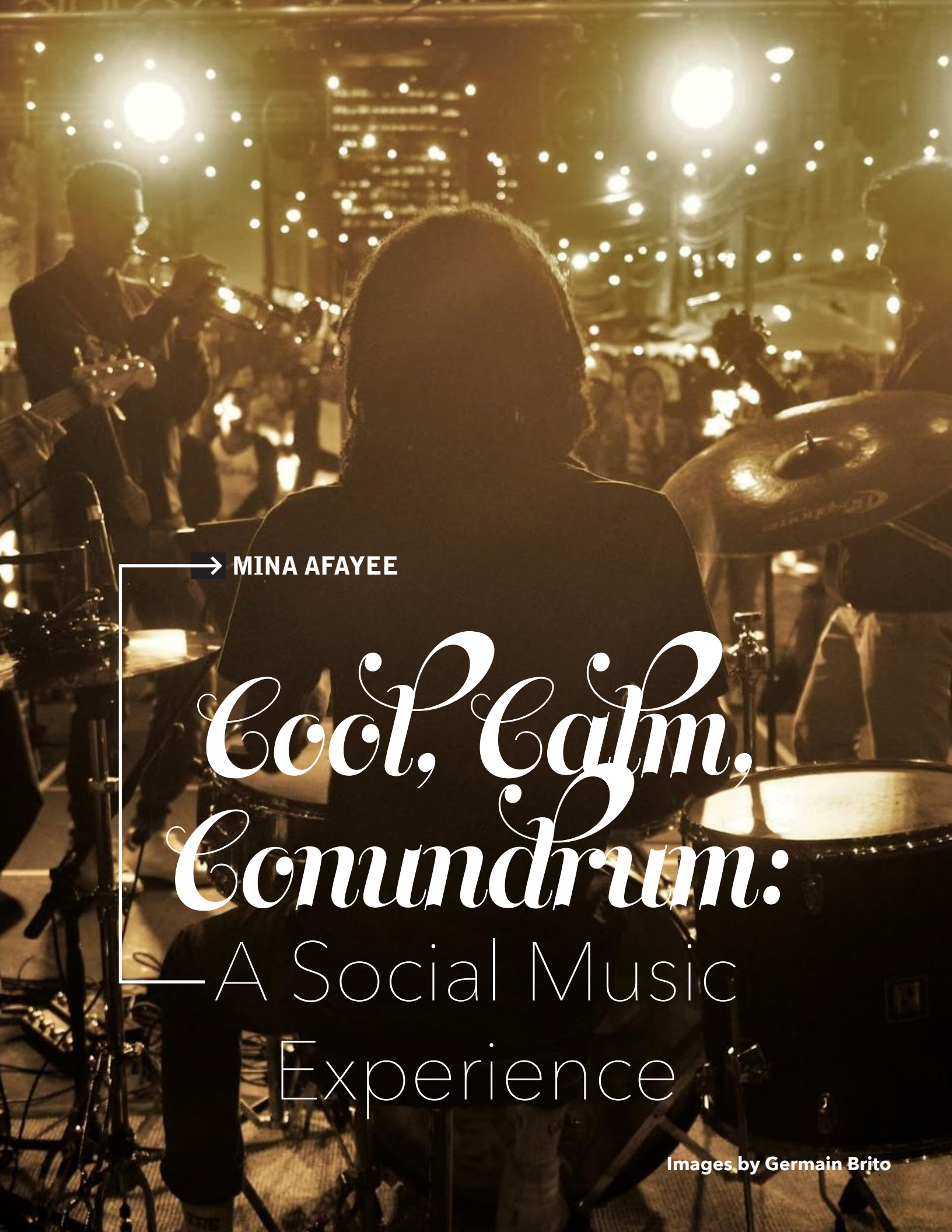


Course To Look For:

11:375:201

*Study of the Ecosystems Created by the
Leaking EE and LX Air Conditioners*

apartments, commonly sucked up and circulated by the neglected A/C units. beer cans and water bottle bongs spilled and burnt into the carpet. From what I gather, the full time workers work as hard as they can to keep the buildings once labeled knockdowns going with what funding they can scrape from the universities BIG 10 jar, it just never seemed to be quite enough. 



→ MINA AFAYEE

Cool, Calm, Conundrum:

A Social Music
Experience

Images by Germain Brito



Conundrum elicits good vibes and thrives off of spontaneity, groove and soul whenever they perform. Based out of Jersey City, New Jersey, their sound includes the amalgamation of funk, rock and R&B to produce what they call “Social Music” — music that fosters a soundscape in which the listener is engaged aurally, aware of every individual nuance in texture and timbre each of the four instrumentalists brings.

The main members of Conundrum are Isaac Sanchez on guitar, Kyosuke Nonoyama on bass, Charles Tyler on drums and Germain Brito on trumpet. Additional members include Cole Frisina on alto sax, Alex George on tenor sax, Eduardo Sinay on percussion and Mike Sheelar on keys.

Conundrum’s sound is influenced by the Robert Glasper Experiment, Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock, The Roots and A Tribe Called Quest.


Conundrum takes the creative process seriously in thinking of innovative ways to enhance their performance and sound. “When we are creating live on the spot, I understand that it is important to have a musical disagreement or tension because the outcome is something that we cannot control, but describes

each and everyone one of us as best as possible,” said bandleader Germain Brito.

They satiate your appetite for feel good music. Your body cannot help but sway and groove as their contagious tunes permeate the air.

In the midst of hectic work schedules and attending different schools, Conundrum makes it a priority to get funky and rehearse at least a few hours a week. As works in progress, they continue to feed off of each other’s energy and diverse backgrounds. “What helps me in the creative process is sharing musical tastes and influences among the bandmates during rehearsals,” Isaac Sanchez said.

While Conundrum hopes to have a label in the next few years, they never forget the reason they make music in the first place. “We all love the musical aspect, but our goal is to create and put out art people genuinely connect with and enjoy,” Brito said.

Be on the lookout for the release of their EP sometime around November. 

Upcoming shows are listed on their social media sites: @Conundrum_TV

How to Avoid A SOPHOMORE SLUMP

Review: How to be a Human Being - Glass Animals

Charles Gare

Some say that creating your second album is the hardest. Artists have to reaffirm fans of their first album's (relative) success by releasing something that sounds congruent with the debut, while considering making something new in order to elevate their music and their reputation.

With their sophomore effort *How to be a Human Being*, the follow up to 2014's *Zaba*, Glass Animals have released an album that is somehow both immediately reminiscent of the first, reaffirming their status as psy-

"Gone are the fantastical, children's story-esque words you remember from *Zaba*. In their place comes the biting tongue of a cruel reality"

chedelic indie pop darlings, while showing off a level of diversity and emotional depth not present on their debut.

The first song, "Life Itself," starts off with a rapid familiarity, quickly layering nostalgic jungle beats with lead singer Dave

Bayley's signature crooning, catapulting the listener so far back into the productional waves of the first record that you may just, for a split second, think you're listening to one of its secret unreleased tracks. Then, suddenly you hear the lyrics; gone are the fantastical, children's story-esque words you remember from *Zaba*. In their place

comes the biting tongue of a cruel reality, telling tales of a woman with mental health issues, mothers abandoning their children, and the heart wrenchingly powerful finale, "Agnes," that hints at the drug-fueled suicide of a close friend. When it all comes together, the result is an 11-track emotional journey that, for the more fervent listener, digests like a slow descent into the fucked up psyches of characters that feel all too real.

The lyrics aren't the only place where the band has grown, as musically the record is drastically more complex and eclectic than before. Take "Season 2 Episode 3," for example. A wistful, chiptune influenced R&B jingle, the song evokes memories of eating cereal on a Saturday morning, watching old cartoons and playing NES. Now, compare it to the wildly different "Poplar St.," which weaves a story of an older woman seducing a teenage boy that is so morbid, it would make Kevin Spacey's character from *American Beauty* blush. The track starts with a Red Hot Chili Peppers style guitar riff, and slowly builds until its rock infused climax.

With *How to be a Human Being*, Glass Animals have delivered a masterpiece, and a lesson on how to keep sounding fresh while not abandoning the noise that made them famous in the first place. The only pitfall now is how they'll up the ante the next time around.



PUNK ROCK is *Not* Dead

JORDAN MEYERS

Known for their dark black guy-liner, irreverent hair colors, nasally vocals and strong power-chord progressions, 1988 punk band, Green Day, is back in business. You may be asking yourself, “wait... they’re still alive?” to which I’d respond, “yes. They’re only, like, 42-years-old. C’mom.” Take a minute to reminisce about your middle school days — days when you’d lock yourself in your room, cry to “Wake Me Up When September Ends” and tell your mom that she, “just doesn’t understand you.” Do this and maybe — just maybe — you’ll remember this band.

Formerly referred to as “Sweet Children”, frontman Billie Joe Armstrong, bassist Mike Pritchard (“Dirt”), and drummer John Kiffmeyer (“Al Sobrante”) created a

Green Day infuses each of the 12 songs on “RevRad” with political messages, sharp power chords and fast-paced drums

name for themselves in the underground punk scene of California at just fourteen years old. Then, Tre Cool, the band’s current drummer, replaced Kiffmeyer in 1990, which essentially created the Green Day we know and love today.

Oh, and if you’re curious, the name “Green Day” is most definitely about marijuana.


The last time the public heard from Green Day was in 2012 when they released their trilogy: *¡Uno!* *¡Dos!* *¡Tré!*, and, sadly, they’ve been M.I.A ever since. Prior to the trilogy, their collection had already included a handful

Review: *Revolution Radio* - Green Day

of significant bodies of work, including power-punk albums *21st Century Breakdown* (2009) and *American Idiot* (2004), as well as, of course, good ole’ punk rock album, *Dookie* (1994). For the more invested listeners, some of their most underrated studio albums include 1988’s *1039 Smoothed Out Slappy Hours*, 1992’s *Kerplunk*, 1995’s *Insomniac*, 1997’s *Nimrod*, and 2000’s *Warning*.

“RevRad” was released to the public on October 7th - the day that proved to the world that punk rock is not dead.

Since 2012, fans both young and old have been holding onto Green Day’s trilogy for dear life, thinking that it was the last glimpse of the band that they’d ever see. Thankfully, our fears have been dispelled with the birth of their 2016 album, *Revolution Radio*. Reminiscent of *American Idiot* and *21st Century Breakdown*, Green Day infuses each of the 12 songs on “RevRad” with political messages, sharp power chords and fast-paced drums, contingent with their unexpectedly released promotional singles, “Bang Bang” and “Revolution Radio.”

“RevRad” was released to the public on October 7th — the day that proved to the world that punk rock is not dead. Back in December of 2015, Armstrong tweeted a prophetic teaser for the album: “My mission for 2016? To destroy the phrase ‘pop-punk’ forever.” We shall soon see if he keeps that promise. 

The DICC Manifesto

A Testament to live music journalism

Written by
Sam Shopp
Illustration by
Delfina Picchio

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a publication to explore new frontiers of journalistic expression, it is incumbent upon that literary body to set for themselves guidelines by which they may most effectively achieve their mission.

The Rutgers Review is embarking on a new chapter in its storied existence. As we roll out our new website, we are also establishing a bold institution: the DIY Internet Coverage Collection (DICC). Its Mission: to report on and foster the local community of independent artists of the New Brunswick DIY scene. The nature of DIY music and art is complicated, so it's imperative that all coverage respects the following guidelines:

I. GET CONSENT.

When interviewing, photographing, or reviewing an artist or house owner, NEVER put out personal information without asking first. Basement shows are not always legal, so don't risk their exposure.

II. ATTEND EVERYTHING.

There are shows happening all the time. Comprehensive coverage is good coverage.

III. MAKE FRIENDS.

Want to know what's really going on? Talk to the homies in charge, they're just like you and might even be up for an interview.

IV. FOCUS ON THE STORY.

You're allowed to have fun, but you're not doing any reporting if you're spending all night getting [redacted] with the drummer. Take notes if you have to, but make sure you get The Story.

V. BE READY TO SAY YES TO ANYTHING.

Meeting the band and painting their basement walls after the show is an adventure and a good story, so get into those fucking adventures.

VI. RECORD SHIT.

Your smartphone is your ultimate tool: taping interviews, writing notes, taking pictures, researching bands. Utilize it, just don't drop it.

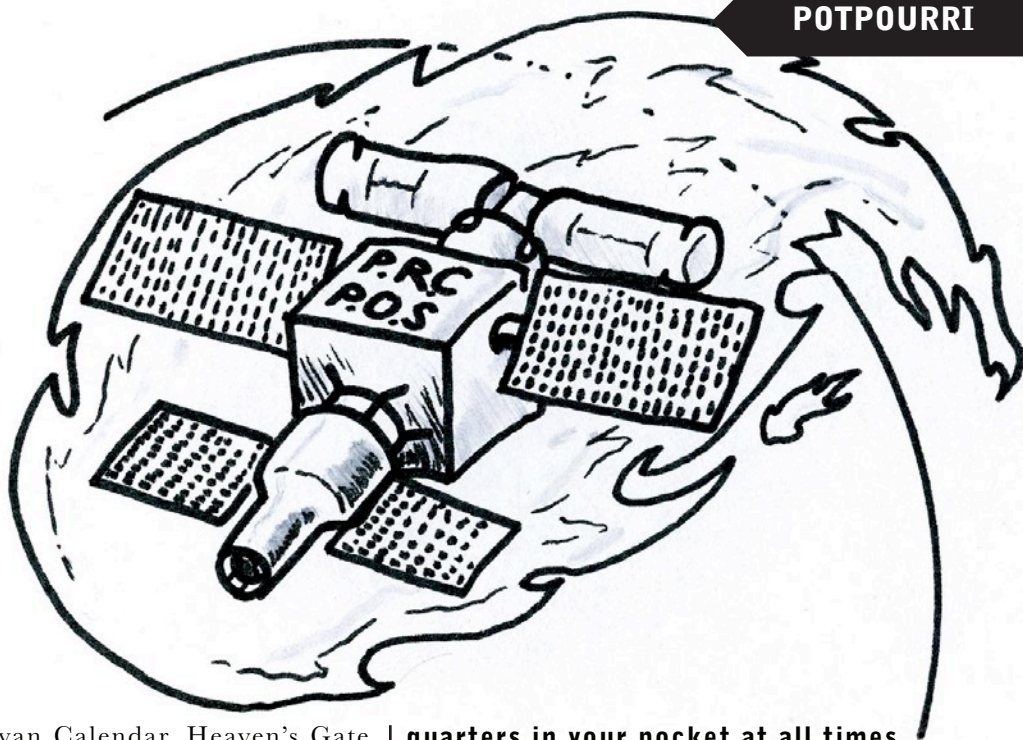
VII. BE INCLUSIVE.

The DICC must recruit writers from every race, gender, sexuality, nationality, ability, class, religion, etc. There is no accurate coverage of the DIY scene without accurate representation of its people.

We hereby uphold The DICC Manifesto as the foundational rules for considerate DIY journalism and consider The DICC officially established. May it last as long as The Rutgers Review exists, may it stay true to its first principles, and may our DICCs always be out.



CHINESE SPACE STATION



Written by
Natalie Straub
Illustration by
Ed Weisgerber

The Mayan Calendar. Heaven's Gate. The Zombie Apocalypse. Jehovah's Witnesses. Since the beginning of time, humans have had a fascination with predicting when and why the world will end. Well we may not have to wait much longer, because as of this month the potential end of the world is now plummeting towards the Earth from outer space!

In 2007, the Chinese National Space Agency launched the space station Tiangong-1 into orbit for an indefinite period of time. However, what was initially heralded as a historic moment for the budding Chinese space program is proving to be more Earth-shattering than previously thought. After sending astronauts to the station on only three separate occasions, the Agency has now completely lost communication with the satellite. In mid-September, it was announced that Tiangong-1 will almost certainly come crashing back to Earth sometime in late 2017.

Although it is uncertain exactly where the station will land and whether or not it will send our planet up in flames, I have decided to gather a list of ways to prepare for this potential armageddon anyway:

- 1. Go door to door, asking people if they have heard the good news.**
- 2. Carry a five dollar bill and three**

quarters in your pocket at all times.

- 3. Purchase brand new pair of black and white Nike Decades.**
- 4. Invest in a power generator.**
- 5. Eat a Fat Sandwich.**
- 6. Fight World War Z with TNT.**
- 7. Spend the equivalent of Heidi Montag and Spencer Pratt's accumulated earnings as of 2010.**
- 8. Give "Gangnam Style" one more view on YouTube.**
- 9. Watch the entirety of National Geographic's Doomsday Preppers.**
- 10. Waste your last remaining moments on Facebook meme pages.**
- 11. Try not to get kidnapped by John Goodman and kept in his underground bunker.**
- 12. Get stuck on one last EE.**
- 13. Complain online about Apple replacing the pistol emoji with a water gun.**

Realistically, the majority of the station is likely to disintegrate in space before any debris has the chance to strike the Earth. If anything does make it through the atmosphere, it is even more unlikely that fragments will land in populated areas, putting human lives at risk. If anything, the flaming debris should provide an elaborate light show in the sky, so make sure to wish upon a falling fragment of Tiangong-1 sometime next year





No, Where Are You Really From?

➔ **BLAKE LEW-MERWIN**


Photo by
Michelle Chen

I don't care about how "exotic" you think my hazel, slanted eyes look with this head of golden brown hair. I don't want to hear you analyze whether or not I act more Chinese or more Caucasian. I don't want you to ask if I eat dog like they do back in my homeland of China, or if I burn in the sun like the rest of my Irish family. Don't ask me where I'm from and then look at me like I'm speaking a foreign language when I tell you, "New Jersey". And for the love of fucking God, please stop telling me how lucky I am to be a "halfie".

It's almost as if you're constantly under a microscope, and new people you meet are biologists, dissecting you to see what you're about. Growing up and hearing that you're "not Asian enough" or that you "don't look like you're white", with an implicit negative connotation. Going out for dim sum on Sundays, and getting looks from everyone around me because of my white father. Being a little kid and having people constantly

categorize you into one culture or the other. It's as if in this increasingly progressive age of social acceptance, cultures are still seen as black and white, and can't intertwine once in awhile.

Frankly, I am tired of being treated so well solely because of my curious physical attributes. Though it sounds incredibly privileged, it's almost as if no one is listening to me because they are too busy looking. Because they are too busy trying to analyze what I am, rather than who I am. Instead of asking me what my life is like, people are so eager to lazily fall back on assumptions created by my mixed ethnicities.

Don't get me wrong, there's nothing bad about a little bit of curiosity. But when you make it the only thing about me, make my sole identity my non-typical heritage, and don't try to delve deeper into who I am, you just become another ignorant person. Please remember, I am more than just a pretty, mixed face. 

Halogen Dreams

POTPOURRI

→ MICHELLE CHEN

Photo by Delfina Picchio

You are sixteen and you think you are in love. It's the only explanation for why, at 3AM on a Tuesday night halfway through your sophomore year, you have once again allowed yourself to be dragged here, 45 minutes away from your hometown, to stand amid the pink buzz of dying fluorescent lights. But it's the closest 24-hour diner to your part of Jersey and Jon just needed someone to talk to and you've always been a sucker for those stupid blue eyes.

Your hostess' nametag reads "Pauline," and as you follow her to a window-side booth, the grease in the diner is palpable. You don't just smell its heaviness in the air – the floor squelches as you walk, the tables gleam dully, the fryer pops softly from the kitchen. The pink vinyl seat catches against your thigh as you slide in.

The menu's laminate pages peel apart reluctantly, and the scent of pancake syrup wafts up to you as you open it. You don't know why you bother; you get the same thing every time, orange juice and a waffle. Jon still hasn't spoken, and, to be honest, you'd rather not be the one who breaks the silence. Instead, you pick at an obscure, time-worn stain on the chipping Formica tabletop and watch the black-and-chrome clock at the end of the counter tick away time that you could be sleeping. You catch a whiff of burnt coffee, cut with the ambiguous, citrusy scent of industrial cleaning solution.

It's long after the food arrives that Jon finally looks up from his mug and stills your hand from absentmindedly tapping your fork against your plate. It's so late that even the graveyard-shift cops that usually wander in for late-night muffins are on their way out, tossing the waitress a five-dollar tip and a playful wink. You ask yourself why you're here; you sigh and barely keep yourself from rolling your eyes. You are sixteen and you think you are in love.

POTPOURRI

HELLO, MY NAME IS FRANK...

→ FRANK PEAKE

A stylized illustration of Frank Peake, a man with long, wavy, light blue hair, wearing a white shirt with blue stripes on the sleeves. He is looking down with his hands clasped in front of him. The word "tinder" is written in a large, blue, lowercase font across his face, with a small flame icon above the 'i'.

tinder



Illustrations by
Doug Henry

...and I'm an anonymous hookup survivor.

And as a survivor, it's my duty to impart the knowledge I've gathered onto those who lack the experience, courage, and unique skillset required to have a successful online hookup. I am the self-proclaimed MacGyver of Grindr. The Joan [of Arc] of Jacked. The Susan B. Anthony of Scruff. The Mother Teresa of Tinder.

Fortunately for you, I've boiled the online hookup down to an exact science. A successful hookup can be achieved by following my comprehensive 5 step program: Search, Plan, Encounter, Execute/Escape, and the Dénouement. Or, as I like to call it, SPEED:

STEP 1. SEARCH

This step is pretty self-explanatory. Hopefully, as an adult man (or woman, non-binary person, etc.) , you now have a pretty good understanding of what you do and don't want in a sexual partner. But PLEASE, for the love of God, do your homework. This is the part where you can finally put those "research" skills you learned in high school to good use. Stalk their Facebook. Search for their address in the Yellow Pages. Peruse an online database for any relevant documentation. Try and bypass security questions to gain access to their banking information, Social Security Number, or other pertinent information. Here is where you will discover your inner Nancy Drew. Know that there is no such thing as digging too deep when it comes to gathering information about a stranger who might literally end up inside of you.

STEP 2. PLANNING

Here is where things get a little bit more concrete, more real. Planning. Try and select a time and place that allows a comfortable balance of discretion and romance. Depending on your current fiscal situation

and level of desperation, this can be anywhere from a 7-Eleven bathroom at two in the morning, to a cozy B&B overlooking the ol' Raritan. Maybe you're in the Halloween spirit and want a spookier venue, like a graveyard during a full moon. Creepy, but go for it! Remember, don't be afraid to get creative!


Now that you have an arrangement, give yourself a quick psychiatric evaluation to make sure that you are in the right state of mind. Am I clean? Check! Have I brought protection? Check! Am I sober? Kinda! Am I enough of a sociopath to justify meeting a random person off the internet for the first time, who I know nothing about, so we can have underwhelming sex? You bet!

Great! You're ready to move onto step 3.

STEP 3. ENCOUNTER


This step is your initial encounter. Here you'll size each other up and make first impressions. Make sure each of your five sense are armed and at the ready. You're going to want to use everything at your disposal to gather as much information as possible. Strike up a conversation. Are they a dog or a cat person? Are they close with their mom? What is their stance on the Israeli/Palestinian conflict? This is all relevant information when considering your potential hookup. Once you believe you have gathered enough intel, make an informed decision as to whether or not you want to go forward with your arrangement.

Finally, at the precipice of the encounter, you have two possible courses of action: you are either going to want to execute the hookup, or escape.

Read the rest of the article and find out how to successfully execute (or escape!) your online hookup exclusively on **TheRutgersReview.com**. 



There's always some strange and inexplicable satisfaction when I look at a house and I see a light on in a window. Even if it's only a quick moment before somebody inside passes by the window, the moments between the initial glance and the illusion being interrupted is enough to leave a lingering feeling that words cannot quite place. It starts off with an intrigue that has to be rooted in voyeuristic tendencies. We all want to know or imagine what other people are like. Who are those people pictured in the hanging images? What is the couple fighting about? I wonder what kind of job they have? It's just natural

to want to know more about people. Or, if you don't want to admit that about yourself, consider it more like a process of letting your mind wander to explore something else that's not yourself. And then, at the end of your voyeuristic journey, it just feels kind of sad. Sad to know that you'll never know much else about those people, sad that you'll never know what the inside of their house smells like or know what else hides beyond that one four sided window. All you got was that one window, that one moment. 

-Writing and Photography by Delfina Picchio



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